WORKS ON TRAVEL ARE PROMINENT IN THE WEEK'S BOOK OUTPUT

This Author Travelled Through Holland and Saw Everything Dutch

Burton E. Stevenson's Book, in Spite of Its Charming Title, Proves of Real Value—Has Eye of Artist and Pen of Historian.

ROYALTY MERE ORNAMENT IN THE NETHERLANDS

By James L. Ford.

LONG experience has bred in my mind a strong prejudice against books of travel bearing such enticing names as "A Summer in Quaint Old Normandy" or "Haunts" of the "Lake Poets" or "The New England Bards" or "The Scottish Chiefs," as the case may be. It was therefore with suspicion in my soul that I turned the pages of Burton E. Stevenson's "The Spell of Holland" (L. C. Page & Co.), whose extremely attractive cover led me to fear the worst.

But for once I was agreeably disappointed. Mr. Stevenson's book is well named, for the "spell" is not altogether in the title, and the volume fully lives up to the charming suggestions of its cover.

"No one should visit Holland without Motley in his head and Baedeker in his pocket," says Mr. Stevenson. But he took with him on his travels not only Motley and Baedeker, but a keen sense of color, a wholesome appreciation of the picturesque, an insight into human nature and a knowledge of art, all of which qualities have conspired to make his book one of unusual interest. In a word, he may be said to convey to his readers the charm of the country through which he journeyed so frequently. It may be added, also, that he carried a camera under his arm and used it to good effect.

Saw Everything in Holland.

If there is anything in Holland that Mr. Stevenson failed to note I should be glad to know what it is. Most travellers see nothing but the canals and the windmills, but Mr. Stevenson saw everything else, and at the same time describes the canals and their little flat bottomed boats, towed by a man on the shore without the help of a steersman and aided sometimes by his wife, children or dog, in a way that brings them graphically before our eyes. He imparts some knowledge of the art of travelling with the very least amount of baggage, tells us the cost of sending a suit case on by express from town to town, explains the prices of things in terms that can be understood—in short, shows the traveller how to get the greatest amount of comfort for the least money.

He seems to think that the Hollanders regard royalty rather as an ornament than as an absolute necessity. According to him, "the Dutch people generally seem to be fond of the Queen and the baby and to regard the Prince as a necessary evil. Pictures of them are everywhere—in hotels, in public buildings and in private houses; and an immense traffic is done in two post cards, one showing the Queen snuggling the baby's face close up to hers and the other displaying the Prince sitting stiffly upright with the baby on his knee. The fondness of the Dutch for Wilhelmina is due partly to the fact that she is a nice, quiet, unimaginative huisvrouw, and so typical of what they would have all their women be, and partly to the fact that she and her baby are the last members of that House of Orange of which the venerated 'Father William' was the first and greatest. The Dutch feel that as long as that line endures the country owes it place and honor."

Sprang Up Full Grown.

Of Dutch art of the seventeenth century he says that it "is an amazing thing, for it sprang into the world full grown, and, at the end of a century, died as suddenly. It was, apparently, not the result of tradition or training; there were no 'painter families.' Rembrandt's father was a miller, Hals' father was a merchant, Jan Steen's father was a brewer, de Hooch's father was a butcher, Gerard Dou's father was a glazier and Ruysdael's father was a maker of picture frames. Where did these men get their technique? Where did they get their insight? Above all, how did it happen that they were all born within the same half century? Was genius in the air? We ask the same question concerning the Elizabethan age, and are at the same loss for an answer; and this great era of Dutch art was contemporary in its beginning with the reign of Elizabeth. Some mighty force was plainly at that time astir in the world."

THE BACK STREET AT URK
FROM "THE SPELL OF HOLLAND" BY BURTON E. STEVENSON
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Again he says:—"And yet those odd Dutch painters were undoubtedly the pioneers of modern art. Painters to-day are trying to do what Jans Vermeer did two centuries and a half ago—to envelope a picture in natural life, to fill a room with air, as Nature fills it; to 'get the values right.' This is the hardest thing of all to do. As you may see for yourself if you will remember how many pictures look as though they were painted in a vacuum."

The author has much to say about restaurants and inns and of the beautiful old furniture and exquisite silver in which so many of the inns are rich. Tipping is by no means the evil that it is in other parts of Europe:—"The waiters in the restaurants do not watch you, hungry-eyed, as you prepare to leave; there is no line of servants waiting to bid you adieu at the door of your inn. Always we have had to summon the chambermaid in order to fee her, and she usually looked genuinely astonished. And everywhere you will meet with courtesy and attention; everywhere your comfort will be planned for and your every wish fulfilled, if it is at all possible to fulfil it. Often the proprietor will ask you in the morning if there is any special dish you would like for dinner, and, if it is within the powers of the chef, it will be included in the bill of fare."

Find Man from Chicago.

On the Island of Urk—"a pin-point of land in the middle of the Zuyder Zee"—the author and his wife, who accompanied him in his travels, found a local school teacher who had lived in Chicago and who had an English wife. At his request they called on him, and her delight at hearing her native tongue and learning something of the outside world, and especially of America, was almost pitiful. During their call an old blind man, whose business it was to go about calling the news—the island boasts of no newspaper—was heard shouting on the street, and their hostess translated his words:—"He's announcing your arrival," she said. "He says that two strangers are at Urk, and that any children who annoy them will be shut up by the burgomeester in the dark room at the raadhuis." Mr. Stevenson has a keen eye for old churches and for domestic architecture as well, and he tells us something about the great cheese market, the wonders of the Dutch breakfast, the cheapness of cigars and the size and flavor of the strawberries. Nothing seems to have escaped his eye.

In short, I am glad to commend his book as one that lives up to its title and its cover.

English Reviews of Recent Books

The number of notable English biographies has just been increased by "The Life and Letters of the Second Duke of Richmond," by the Earl of March (Hutchinson), and the London Guardian speaks of it thus:—"The second Duke of Richmond was the grandson of King Charles II. and that clever demirep Louise de Kerouaille. Between 1723 and the year of her death she constantly corresponded with her grandson, and for a sight of these letters we are now indebted to her descendant, the Earl of March, who has in these charming volumes afforded us an almost unrivalled picture of an age of which we know comparatively little. The Duke was, almost in boyhood, initiated into the views and sentiments of the young whig aristocracy. As Lord March he sat in Parliament for the local borough of Chichester. He won money with his horses at the Well and conducted cricket matches with great solemnity. He annihilated a gang of smugglers, displayed chronic keenness in the hunting field, fought bravely at Dettingen and served under the Duke of Cumberland during the first part of the campaign of '45.' In the pages of Lord March's book we live once more in the still sympathetic and largely recoverable age that breathes from the pages of Prior, Gay and Fielding."

According to the English Review, "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832; A Study in the Government of England Before the Reform Bill," by J. L. and Barbara Hammond (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a terrible arraignment of the English property owners of that time. In 'The Village Laborers,' we have stripped of all glamour the human pageantry of rural England in those lean and dark years when the country was governed by its magistracy and the House of Commons echoed from a distance its voice. The country poor—robbed of their land by Enclosure acts (which for barefaced brigandage outdo in boldness the schemes of the wildest socialist of to-day—were starved at last into the revolt of 1830, when large gangs driven to desperation marched about the southern counties smashing threshing machines and demanding a minimum wage of two shillings a day. We see, too, how side by side with rising prices and with the erection of princely palaces of the landowners, enriched by Enclosure acts and high rents, quickly rose those bastilles of the poor—the workhouses. This book is a noble contribution to English history."

Among recent English novels is "The Revenues of the Wicked," by Walter Raymond (Dent), of which the London Nation says:—"Mr. Raymond has written a very charming story of life in an isolated Exmoor village. The author's eye is as keen as ever for the humorous shades of rustic manners, and he conveys admirably the undertone of village witticisms in his racy dialogue. At the same time the tale cannot be considered typical of ordinary farming life, and we are disposed to wish that this experienced author could make a clean break with the dramatic situations that captured the imaginations of the popular novelists of the '70's. The story is no doubt one that will be popular with the general public that cares nothing about artistic ways and means so long as it receives pleasure from the effect."

The social position enjoyed by the English bishops counts for something when they come to write their memoirs. Some of the most interesting parts of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's "Some Pages of My Life" (Williams & Norgate) relate to his intercourse with such people as Queen Victoria, the Empress Frederick and Lord Tennyson, to all three of whom he was spiritual adviser. In commenting on the book London Truth says:—"Queen Victoria was exercised chiefly about being spiritually handicapped, so to say, by the Prince Consort having so long preceded her into the other world, and therefore by his being spiritually so far in advance of her. Bishop Boyd Carpenter's talks with Queen Victoria in person or through letters are an ironic comment on the proverb 'happy as a king' since, as Bacon says and as the Queen felt, 'No state is more miserable than to have nothing to desire and much to fear—which is the state of kings;' while the icy isolation of their elevation is a poignant and irremediable affliction. 'Nobody contradicts me now,' she writes to the Bishop, 'and the salt has gone out of my life.'"

In "Penelope Rich and Her Circle" (Hutchinson & Co.) Mrs. Maude Stepney Rawson has made a gallant effort to bring to readers of to-day a vivid impression of an Elizabethan personality. The London Athenaeum speaks of her attempt as follows:—"In Penelope, Lady Rich, Sidney's 'Stella,' Essex's favorite sister, Leicester's stepdaughter, Mrs. Rawson has elected an attractive but perhaps too ambitious subject. In the more exclusively biographical and descriptive part of the task she has succeeded very fairly, but one gets the impression that the literary problems which she endeavors so gallantly to wrestle with are somewhat beyond her range. Still, one is grateful to a popular author who shows a genuine interest in poetry and really tries to communicate that interest to her readers. There is no pretentiousness about the book, though its author scarcely adheres to her initial conception of a 'plain story.' The personality of Penelope is decidedly illusive, nor does it emerge too clearly in these pages."

"MR. WYCHERLY" ONCE MORE

Mrs. L. Allen Harker's new book, "Mr. Wycherly's Wards" (Scribners), is something of a contrast to its predecessor, "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly," though no less delightful. The latter was a charming study of two elderly people and the difference made in their home by the arrival of two little orphan boys. It was primarily a study of an old lady of the refined, old fashioned, God fearing type, daily becoming more scarce. The book closed with the death of Miss Esperance, and "Mr. Wycherly's Wards" takes up the story just where it was left and transports the two little boys and their guardian to England, where the boys are sent to school and Mr. Wycherly settles in Oxford. As the first of the two books dealt mainly with old age, so is this later one a study of a little girl of humble birth, considerable intelligence and gifted with that artistic temperament which is destined to assert itself, break down obstacles, and finally bring its possessor to more congenial surroundings. Jane Anne is a delightful child, and her escape from the restricted life of the orphan asylum, her transference to Mr. Wycherly's house and the friendship that grew up between her and her master make a most interesting story.

Joseph Conrad's Wide Vision Is Praised by Percival Gibbon

Percival Gibbon, generally regarded as one of the strongest and most promising of the younger writers of English fiction, has contributed to the London Bookman an "appreciation" of Joseph Conrad which is all that the term implies. Mr. Gibbon touches with a firm and knowing hand the qualities that have contributed so largely to Mr. Conrad's literary success. Rightly enough he singles out as the most distinctive of these qualities that of imagination, which, in his case, he defines as "the faculty of whole vision that sees men and women not as detached and arbitrary figures, but as the product of circumstances, environment, heredity, and in relation to their world and their neighbors—this enlarges and gives force to a wide and varied experience of life on many seas and in many ports. In all his books there is no figure without its raison d'être, its justification for existence. Here and there in his tales one meets with a man who seems for the moment unaccountable, such as Mr. Verloc in "The Secret Agent" and James Wait in "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and these, by the mere fact of their hidden origin, are figures of mystery. But for the rest his sailors and landsmen alike trail behind them, unbreakable links with humanity; they have families and friends, and they are what they are for reasons which the story makes apparent. The massive captain in "Typhoon" has a difficult wife in England, and the wife of the chief engineer lives with his mother; the two distant women set the men in a living perspective and complete them."

Fearing that her big volume on "Love and Marriage" might seem so heavy as to deter readers, Ellen Key has written "Love and Ethics" (B. W. Huebsch), which is in reality a concise presentation of the somewhat startling views the author expressed in her larger work. In this, as in the other book, the author deals with sex problems with the courage and purity of mind which such themes demand, if one would be honest or indeed helpful. She declares that we must anticipate the necessity of establishing a new standard of moral values if present day social wrongs and abuses are to be remedied. It is true that in a certain sense the author is against many of the forms that now bind men and women together, but no careful reader of her book can charge that she demands freedom in the sex relation without any bonds whatsoever. But, as she herself says, "My bonds are like the hempen cords that tie up a young tree, not like the iron hoops fastened round an old tree to keep it from falling apart." Naturally, eugenics forms part of the subject matter of this little volume, and the gist of Miss Key's contention is that not until the character of the child becomes the determining element in society's moral conceptions will natural morality replace the morality opposed to nature. This is not a book to be read of weaklings. Taken in the right spirit there is much in this ultra modern doctrine that makes for uplift. It may, however, be easily used to excuse some violations of the commandments of "the god of things as they are."

Any work that promises to throw light on the social conditions which the growth of the most marvellous industrial era the world has even known has brought about, is pretty sure of a welcome, for there are few subjects so close to the heart and mind of the people. In "The Factory" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln, you will find a compact, instructive and suggestive study of the history of the factory system, written by a man who is himself a well known mill owner of Fall River, Mass. It was, of course, out of the old feudalistic conditions of labor that the factory had its birth, and Richard Arkwright may be said to have been the Moses that was to lead the new march of industrial progress. The spinning frame that Arkwright invented was too big to be operated in the cottages of the working people, and so the first factory became a necessity; it was run by horse power and from it was evolved the factory as we know it to-day. Not only did the coming of the factory change industrial conditions; it lent a new impetus to human thought. No longer were the leaders of men to be the soldiers who commanded armies; from the time of the factory the leaders were those industrial giants whom Carlyle christened "captains of industry." The story of the industrial revolution, the history of the noted factory town, the story of Chartism and an essay on the factory system as it exists to-day—these things make up this excellent brochure by Mr. Lincoln. It is a book whose appeal should be earnest to every workingman and to all large employers of labor.

Because Emile Zola showed himself truly the champion of the downtrodden by his gallant fight for justice in the Dreyfus case his literary works were taken more seriously, and perhaps more kindly, in English speaking countries than they might otherwise have been. But whatever his reputation in France—and there are some who contend that it has grown with the years since his death—it has proved an ephemeral reputation in this country, and it is with something of surprise that one picks up a hitherto unpublished (in English) story by him. It is "For a Night" (Brown Brothers), and the translation has been made by Alison M. Lederer. The story "Pour Une Nuit d'Amour" was originally published in Paris by Charpentier in connection with "Le Captaine Burle" and some other short fiction. It is rather difficult to see why it has been selected for translation into English—for it is not a nice story, rather a grim and sordid tragedy that conveys no lesson, points no moral and is not even beautiful in the telling. Julien Michon, the hero, clerk in the post office at Pinard, has something about him, in his sombreness, that reminds one of Daudet's "Jack." The story is of his mad infatuation for the daughter of the Marquis de Marsanne and of how he plays the flute under her window until he is called upon by her to carry away the body of her lover whom she has slain, being promised a great reward therefor. He does not get the reward. Two other short stories, inconsequential both, "The Maid of the Dawber" and "Compliments" fill out the volume.

Recent grave disasters over severe fires in this city lend a peculiar timeliness to "Fire Fighting" (The Chief Publishing Company), by Captain Joseph Quinn, of the New York Fire Department. The little book is designed to teach the fireman his duties, and the first part of the book is in the form of lessons on "How to Handle Nozzles," "Roof Lines," "Ship and Cellar Fires" and so on. There is an information essay on the high pressure fire service system, instructions for companies, instructions for chauffeurs, instructions as to how to break in steel doors; in short, the book is a compendium of valuable information for those whose duty it is to fight fires.

WRITES BOOK ON PANAMA.

"Panama," by Albert Edwards (Macmillan), is a book which every American ought to read, both for pleasure and profit. It opens with an account of the author's arrival at Colón, on board a steamer crowded with negroes recruited at Barbados for work on the canal. Then follows an interesting description of the isthmus, its inhabitants, its history and its possibilities. The latter would be almost unlimited were it not for the vexed question of labor. It is easy enough to get workmen, but as soon as they have earned enough for a year's supply of powder and shot nothing can keep them on the job. That, and the lack of transportation facilities, is what prevents a larger development of the fruit and mining industries of the isthmus. There is a chapter devoted to de Lesseps' gigantic failure, and statistics of the mortality on the canal in his time show how impossible the work was with the limited sanitary knowledge and equipment of that day. It is interesting to notice, in this connection, that the government recently sold for more than a million dollars, as scrap iron, the rusted and disabled machinery which it had acquired from the French beginners of the enterprise. The great triumph of American work in this tropical region has been that of the sanitation officers, the same men who cleaned up Havana. There has been but one case of yellow fever in the canal zone since 1905, a triumph indeed when twenty years before the annual death rate had reached the enormous figure of 176.97 per thousand.

SIR. ALBERT EDWARD NAYLOR.—LEYLAND

It is certainly not an argument for democracy that the best governed portions of the United States are those under the administration of an individual or a commission. The canal zone is practically under the government of one man, Colonel George W. Goethals, who, in his way, is as great an autocrat as Nicholas II. Mr. Edwards says:—"How free born Americans accept this condition of things is at first a matter of wonder. One is used to thinking that if we were deprived of jury trials and the right to vote we would begin to shoot. But down here the only right which has not been alienated is the right to get out." Of course, this absolutism would be unendurable were it not for the almost universal feeling that Colonel Goethals is just. Every Sunday morning he holds, as did the Caliphs of Bagdad, a court of justice, where any one with a grievance may bring it to the Colonel's attention. Mr. Edwards' account of one of these courts is most entertaining, the complaints ranging from that of a negro who wanted the money his wife had earned (but he didn't get it) to that of the Spanish laborer, maimed in an accident, who was helped to prepare his claim for damages. In the author's opinion honesty prevails in this enormous undertaking; there is practically no graft. "No department of our government has been so continually under fire as the Isthmian Canal Commission, and none has come through with fewer scars." And Mr. Edwards goes on to point out that the hundreds of young men getting their first professional experience under Colonel Goethals, in an atmosphere of honesty and professional enthusiasm for "the job," will prove a noticeable leaven in our national life.

Mr. Montague Glass is already so widely known as the chronicler of events in the Cloak and Suit Market that a new book of his stories scarcely needs description. His latest collection is called "Abe and Mawruss" (Doubleday-Page), and it consists of a dozen of his characteristic tales. One of them, well named "The Judgment of Paris;" tells the story of "Abe's" trip to the French capital in quest of new styles and his bringing back to New York of a costume made in his own factory and given by his partner to the trained nurse who attended his wife during her illness. Other stories are "Sympathy," "Brothers All," "The Raincoat King" and "Firing Miss Cohen," and all are in Mr. Glass' familiar humorous vein. It may be added that neither the text nor the illustrations by J. J. Gould and Martin Justice will give offence to the race that they so amusingly portray.

"Sixes and Sevens" (Doubleday-Page) is the last collection of stories from the pen of the late O. Henry that we may reasonably look for. It contains two dozen of the brilliant and entertaining sketches that helped to make him famous. In respect to mise en scène and character they cover a wide range; many of them bear the true hall mark of New York, while others, equally graphic, are of the Far West. Nearly all of them are funny, but there is one called "Jimmy Hayes and Muriel" that reminds us in a way of Bret Harte. It tells the story of a cowboy who joins a company of Texas Rangers and disappears during a fight, leaving behind him the impression that he ran away through cowardice. Nearly a year afterward the rangers discover the skeletons of three Mexicans lying in a hog wallow with their rusty rifles all pointing in the same direction. Fifty yards in that direction they find another skeleton which they recognize as that of their lost comrade, and who had, as one of them expresses it, "put up a dandy scrap before they got him." As they realize how they had misjudged the man "the ranger troop herded close, and a simultaneous wild yell arose from their lips. The outburst was at once a dirge, an apology, an epitaph and a paean of triumph. A strange requiem, you may say, over the body of a fallen comrade; but if Jimmy Hayes could have heard it, he would have understood."

The late William Cowper Brann, who conducted a paper called the Iconoclast in Texas and had a great many admirers in various parts of the country, can now be studied in book form, for the Messrs. Herz of Waco, Texas, have published a collection of his writings, under the title of "Brann, the Iconoclast." Mr. Brann was what is now called a "knocker." He believed in "personal journalism," and he did not hesitate to give violent utterance to whatever might happen to be in his head. In the brief biography that prefaces the collection of his writings Mr. J. D. Shaw says:—"Mr. Brann has been classed as a humorist. This he was, and of a type peculiar to himself, but he was not content with merely having amused or entertained the people, and he aspired to arouse public sentiment in the interest of certain reforms. He was a hater of shams and defied every form of fraud, hypocrisy and deceit." Certainly Mr. Brann was very much in earnest in what he wrote, and I am quite sure that he understood life in the Far West and that many of his criticisms are well deserved and trenchant. But in treating such subjects as the marriage of Miss Anna Gould to Count de Castellane and that of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough he journeyed far beyond his ken. Indeed, when we note the freedom with which he printed the unsavory stories of French and English nobility that he had learned from the lips of travelling drummers in Texas we do not wonder that he was killed by an outraged citizen who had been made the subject of one of his brutal attacks. Nevertheless there is evidence in these pages that Mr. Brann occasionally spoke a word of wholesome and much needed truth.

If there is any one in this country competent to write a book on baseball it is Mr. A. G. Spalding, who, both as an enthusiast and a manufacturer, has been interested in the game from its very early beginnings. His book "America's National Game" was written at the request of the late Mr. Henry Chadwick, widely known as the "father of baseball," from whom he received the valuable collection of baseball literature that has helped to make his task easy. The volume consists of more than five hundred pages, containing innumerable pictures, and it treats the history of the game from every point of view. It is safe to say that the book will enjoy a wide sale among baseball enthusiasts in every part of the country. Among the interesting portraits that it contains are those of Major General Abner Doubleday, Duncan F. Curry, Colonel Frank Jones, John M. Ward, Michael J. Cary, "Father" Chadwick, John T. Brush, William A. Sunday and the author himself.

"The Jews: a Study of Race and Environment," by Maurice Fishberg (Charles Scribner's Sons), is one of the volumes of the Contemporary Science Series edited by Havelock Ellis, written by a practising physician of New York city, and in spite of the fact that the bibliography of books concerning the Jews already comprises a very large number of items, it is one of the few works which deals with the Jews in respect to their race, physical characteristics, environment, education and assimilation in a comprehensive manner. One ought to be largely indebted to Dr. Fishberg for his masterly study of the Jewish people and for the manner in which he shows how readily figures can be marshalled to prove any particular theory as to their birth rate, intermarriages, physical characteristics, criminality, death rate, &c. The author in citing the abundant statistics which he has had at his disposal displays a very commendable caution in their interpretation and shows how in nearly every instance the conclusions to be derived from these statistics must be modified by special considerations in each case. To take a specific instance, figures show that in Germany fraudulent bankruptcies are commoner among Jews than among Christians. The author states, however, "but we learn in this connection that of the persons who are engaged in the money and credit business in Germany 38.89 per cent were Jews. It must be borne in mind that agricultural laborers, factory workers and artisans are not as a rule liable to fail in business." All this indicates that, considering the large proportion of Jews engaged in banking and commercial business, there is little wonder that a larger number of failures are shown among them. The author attributes greater effect to the results of their economic environment and less to their racial characteristics than is accredited them by the majority of writers on this topic. A number of interesting examples of eminent men of half Jewish caste are cited, among whom may be mentioned Montaigne, George Ebers, the Egyptologist; Sir John Herschel, the astronomer; Paul Lindau and his brother; Ludovic Halevy, the musician; Paul Heyse, Francis Turner Palgrave, the critic; W. Gifford Palgrave, the traveller; Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Prevost Paradol, Edwin Booth, the actor; Bret Harte, the novelist; Elie Metchnikoff, the biologist; David Manin, Leon Gambette, Sir John Millais, the British painter; Mrs. Keeley, the actress; John Salvador and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musician.

The name of Henry Mayers Hyndman does not convey much to the American reader, but his "Record of an Adventurous Life" (Macmillan) will nevertheless be found pleasant enough reading. Mr. Hyndman is an English socialist, who has had considerable experience as a journalist, has travelled extensively and met many people of note—a good preparation for a book of reminiscences. To the average American the most interesting parts of the book are those relating to the notable people of his acquaintance and his comments upon them. It is not to be expected that he should admire Gladstone, and while doing justice to his oratorical powers and great influence over the House of Commons the author continues:—"I failed to discern that these qualities were controlled and applied by any very high political intelligence." There is an interesting account of a long interview which Mr. Hyndman had with Disraeli, which resulted in his feeling that "Benjamin Disraeli was neither so thoroughgoing an imperialist nor to himself so triumphant a personality as his enthusiastic admirers and decorators of his statue believe every April 19." Parnell he met only once, and that by chance, but he was not pleasantly impressed by the Irish leader's dictatorial and arrogant attitude toward his supporters. Mr. Hyndman has known many of the prominent politicians and socialists of his time, and although he seems to have quarrelled with most of them he is by no means embittered and has a pleasant word for them all.

So much that is foolish has been written on both sides of the suffrage question that it is refreshing to turn to "The Book of Woman's Power," one of Macmillan's anthology series. The compiler of the book discreetly omits his name from the title page, but there is a preface by Miss Ida Tarbell, well known as an opponent of women's political rights. The book consists of selections on the vexed question from the writings of distinguished authors grouped under such heads as "Women in Government," "The Growth of Democracy" and "The Present Social Unrest." There are quotations from such authorities as Herbert Spencer, Goldwin Smith and Frederic Harrison, in which many familiar bogies are evoked as well as more rational arguments advanced. The statement is frequently made that women have no sense of justice, and yet the argument for the suffrage which is most often ignored and least seldom answered is that based upon the injustice of discrimination between two sets of citizens on account of sex. The book is well worth reading, particularly by the champions of "votes for women," that they may see what the temperate judgment of thoughtful men has been against their cause. The other side of the question is given—also without heat—in the form of a little story called "The Light," by Jeanne Magoun (Mitchell Kennerley). The book is in the form of letters from a woman to an intimate friend and records the progress of her engagement, its rupture (on account of her sympathy with "the cause") and the final conversion of her lover. The book is very well written and gives the author's views in a simple, reasonable style, more convincing than any number of broken windows.

The question why good writers are so often such very poor critics is once more brought before the public by a perusal of the latest volumes of Emerson's Journals, which are now being published by some of his descendants. We all remember Emerson's alluding to Edgar Allan Poe as "the jingle man," and the philosopher's own poems show how deficient his ear was, but that hardly prepares us for his criticisms on Shelley and Byron. Of the former he says:—"Shelley is never a poet. His mind is uniformly imitative, all his poems composite," and he sums up Byron contemptuously thus:—"What has Byron at the bottom of his poetry but, 'I am Byron, the noble poet, who am very clever, but not popular in London.'" Novelists fare no better at Emerson's hands. Bulwer Lytton is "the dissolute Alcibiades who has been the pupil once of Socrates and now and then recites a lesson which his master taught him," while his estimate of Dickens is that "his eye rests always on surfaces; he has no insight into character." The judgment of the three quarters of a century that has passed since these words were written shows a different estimate of the great novelist.

"The Universities of the World" (Macmillan) is another of those books on college subjects with which President Charles F. Thwing's name is connected. He has taken twenty of the best known universities of the Old World and given some account of their history, their methods and what each has accomplished in its own land. In an interesting preface the author roughly puts the universities in four classes, the first of which has for its purpose the discovery of truth and represents the most impressive form of modern higher education. Such are the German universities. A second class devotes its energies to the development of character through the power of thinking, and in this class he places the Scotch and American universities. A third type aims at producing the cultivated gentleman, and of these Oxford and Cambridge are the best known examples. The fourth class has for its object practical efficiency, the enabling a man to better his condition, and this class is found (somewhat to the reader's surprise) in the Far East, where the means of subsistence are so small that every force must be utilized to keep body and soul together. Upon these lines President Thwing has produced a very interesting collection of papers which ought to find many readers in a land so concerned as ours with educational problems.

Some time ago the reviewer read a very interesting description of American life by a French priest, the Abbé Félix Klein, called "In the Land of the Strenuous Life." Another book from the same pen, called "America of To-Morrow" (McClurg), has come to hand and is well worth reading. It is America as seen through the spectacles of an intelligent, broad minded Roman Catholic clergyman, and although it is written from the point of view of his own religious faith, it is entirely devoid of the sort of prejudice that mars so many ecclesiastical views of mundane things. The author visits the Catholic Summer School of America at Plattsburg and also takes a trip to Chautauqua and views its school with a fair and open mind. He gives us his impressions of Chicago and of Peoria and Omaha, as well as journeys out to Seattle, which he calls "the most American of American cities." He devotes one chapter to San Francisco and another to the Japanese question, and whatever he has to say seems well worth listening to.

An exceedingly good book of its kind is "The Little Folks' Book of Verse" (The Baker & Taylor Company). Mr. Clifton Johnson has started out with the idea of getting together a number of poems, no that children ought to read, but that they will read. Recognizing (as few compilers do) a child's taste for the obvious, he has introduced many verses by Ann and Jane Taylor, and with like sagacity dispensed with poems descriptive of nature while giving a large place to those dealing with animals. There are no sentimental, melancholy or devotional selections, and the result is a book sure to be enjoyed by children, while readers of an older generation will find in it such reminiscences of early days as "Meddlesome Matty," "The Lark and the Rook" and "The Frost."

A new book of charades by Mr. William Bellamy is a real pleasure to hundreds of quick witted readers, who will therefore welcome "Broken Words" (Houghton, Mifflin Company), which is the fifth of these exceedingly clever little books that we owe to his ingenuity. It is seldom that a mere set of puzzles shows such wide reading and so many classical allusions as does Mr. Bellamy's, combined with a simplicity of which the following is a good example:—

My first was very old
Or else he was a liar;
My last the bishops hold;
My whole adores the fire.

When you know the answer is Parsee you wonder why you didn't see it at once.